

F A C T S

IN THE LIFE OF

GENERAL TAYLOR;

THE CUBA BLOOD-HOUND IMPORTER,

THE EXTENSIVE SLAVE-HOLDER,

AND THE

HERO OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY

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## GENERAL TAYLOR.

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It is well known to the people of the United States, that Gen. Taylor, the nominee of the Philadelphia Convention, is a *Slaveholder* ; an advocate for its extension into territory hitherto free from its curse ; and was a bold and prominent leader in that most infernal of all expeditions,—the *Mexican War*.

It is the purpose of the author of this little work, so to expose his conduct in reference to these particulars, that every man who peruses it, may be aroused to an unflinching opposition to his election.

Time is too precious to consume in culling pleasing words, or in arranging sentences, so as to glide smoothly over the ears of a people loving to be rebuked in gentle terms only ; but in the work before you, stern condemnation, and unflinching reproof of the accursed slave-power, which now seeks to plant its iron hoof upon the necks of the freemen of the North, as well as to continue it upon the prostrate forms of three millions of slaves, will be fearlessly administered. As Elihu of old, declared to the false comforters of Job, so would the author of the following pages affirm,—“ I know not how to give *flattering* titles, for in so doing would my Maker take me away.”

Before proceeding to an examination of the character of Gen. Taylor, it may be proper to offer a few remarks *en passant* in reference to the present attitude of what was *formerly* the Whig party.

The Democratic party, has signalized itself for several years past, in unblushingly advocating Southern rights, and the Mexican War<sup>m</sup>; the Whig party, meanwhile acting the part of the ancient Pharisee, and saying, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, or even as this publican [the Democratic party]. I go against the Mexican War; am the determined opponent of Slavery, and hate all oppression, except that I must occasionally vote supplies and thanks to our noble countrymen sacrificing their all in Mexico." But now the party has suddenly wheeled around, or else thrown off its mask, it can say which for itself; and has openly espoused the side of the Southern oppressor. Indeed, it has descended to a lower depth of infamy than the Democratic party; for that party although it professes to be in favor of the Mexican War, has refrained from nominating Taylor; while this good Anti-Slavery, Whig, Anti-Mexican War party, after exhausting itself in vociferous language against Slavery, and the Mexican War, deliberately proceeds to nominate for the Presidency, the very man who of all others has acted a conspicuous part in prosecuting a disgraceful war in behalf of Slavery. Greater inconsistency can hardly be imagined than this, for Taylor is well known to be a defender of Southern rights, and a man who has labored hard to "give the Mexicans hell," because they were not willing to yield to the dictation and usurpation of this Slaveholding government. Words cannot convey an adequate idea of the guilt involved in this nomination; but as it is designed only to *convince*, and not to abuse the advocates of this measure, pains will be taken to present the truth in as unexceptionable a manner as is possible, *under the circumstances*.

The author of this work, drank in Whig doctrines from the hour when he first learned the important fact that he was an American, and was expected to entertain *some opinion* (asking Taylor's pardon) upon political matters. The whole paraphernalia of Whig

politics was once as familiar to him as the letters of the alphabet, and well does he recollect the deep feeling of horror, which seized him, then a boy, upon learning the terrible news, as it seemed to him, of the election of *Andrew Jackson* to the office of the Presidency. So great was his enthusiasm in behalf of his country, that he verily thought, if he could see the old general, he should shoot him, and thereby rid the country of a tyrant, as he sincerely supposed Jackson to be. But it appears that those days, when even the school-boys were fully acquainted with the questions of "banks and tariffs, internal improvements, and distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the public lands," have passed away, party lines have become obliterated, and although it is of immense importance when a northern man is nominated for an office, to ascertain whether he is a Whig or Democrat; yet if he is a Southern man, it is deemed of but little moment, to make inquiries of this character. The fact, that the candidate is a noted general, and a large slaveholder, and will receive a great many votes, outweighs all other considerations; and not only is no solicitude manifested respecting his political principles, but it is even *refused* to enter into an examination of this question. Has it come to this, that a party professing to be guided by stern principle, in its anxiety to prove its subserviency to the slave power, will not even inquire respecting the politics of its candidate; or will nominate a man known not to agree with them, because he is so steeped in wickedness as to be *available*? What would be said of a church, that, in its eager haste to settle a minister, should refuse to ask him, whether he was orthodox or heterodox; a Unitarian or a Universalist; or endeavor to secure his services knowing that he was not willing to advocate their peculiar tenets? And yet this is the course the Whig party are pursuing in reference to Taylor. He does not know himself, it appears, whether he is a Whig or a Democrat! His time has been so occupied in military exploits, that "he never

has-been able to attend to the merits of the controversy between the Whigs and Democrats!" A fine compliment, indeed, to the worthiness of the object, so long had in view by the whigs of this nation! The Whig party has made earth-resound, and the arches of heaven ring with its notes of alarm, respecting the corruption and wickedness of the Democratic party; and yet it selects a man to fill the presidential chair, who has passed through all this scene of commotion, without being in the least degree affected by it; not even so much as to form an *opinion* respecting the truth or falsity of the doctrines advanced. Truly, he is a man eminently fitted to preside over the destinies of this nation! Does the General know whether the Mexican war is right or not? Does he know anything at all, excepting how to shoot the Mexicans, and *pour "hell"* into their peaceful homes?

That he is well skilled in this employment, facts abundantly prove; and this is the *only possible excellency* he can be said to possess. A warrior from his youth; for forty years ago he signalized himself by his military prowess in defending a log fort on the Wabash, with a handful of men against the Indians; and in later years his fame has reached the ears of a few of his countrymen, as a bold officer in that wonderful, and long protracted struggle between the *puissant* Seminole Indian nation and the *inferior* United States; inferior it would seem, for years were spent in the contest, and finally no other resource remained, but the recruiting of the exhausted forces of the nation, by a reinforcement from Cuba of *blood-hounds*, to hunt and tear the brave tenants of the forest; a fit addition to the *humane* beings engaged in tormenting the poor Indian.

From the multitude of facts having a bearing upon this question, it is difficult to select so few as to be comprised within the compass of this work. The most prominent acts of Taylor's life are those relating to his glorious feats in Mexico. It is there, it appears,

that he *studied* politics, there that he learned the art of governing nations, there that he finished the education necessary for him to obtain, before being presented as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. All praise to the bloody fields of Mexico, — they have furnished this despairing nation with a “people’s” candidate! Taylor has received so much inspiration while pouring “hell” into the Mexicans, as to rise entirely above all party bonds, and soar aloft into the regions of non-committal; where no inquiries will be made respecting his capacities; but the splendor of his military garb, it is hoped, will so dazzle the eyes of his countrymen, as to prevent them from beholding his defects, and induce them to shout hallelujahs to their military chieftain.

What a school for a statesman to graduate from! Of course the arts of war and statesmanship must be identical, or the Whigs never would abandon their own principles, and select a man deficient in the knowledge of them, on account of his great skill as a military general. If this is the case, then his whole cabinet should be composed of his companions in warfare, and that will leave our Northern supporters of him *hors du combat*, for the loaves and fishes will be otherwise disposed of. If military qualifications far outweigh all others in fitting men for political life, then every district is in future bound to send no more representatives or senators to Congress, from the ranks of civilians; but should hereafter invariably elect military men to conduct the affairs of the nation; and there will be no lack of materials to fill the vacancies thus made; for the *volunteers* are about returning in great numbers from the *school* of politics, and there will be no difficulty in selecting from them.

But seriously, is the occupation of a soldier well adapted to fitting a man for the highest office in the gift of this nation? Are there no qualities required in governing men but those of martial courage, and brute bravery? The tiger can fight better than other beasts;

but who would say that such an animal was the wisest of all the brute creation? The elephant, meek and docile as it generally is, possesses incomparably more wisdom than either the lion, tiger or wolf; and fighting men generally, are those who cannot stop to reason—to argue the point with you; but supply their lack of moral power by their physical prowess. In proof of this assertion, let the fact be cited, that the greatest orators, and the most renowned men, who have been the pride and ornament of past ages, have not been warriors, but men of peace; governing the nation by the power of their minds—the grandeur of their intellects, and the brilliancy of their imaginations; rather than by the sword of *steel*, and the weapon of *physical* combat. Look at England's most illustrious men, and with the exception of a few, whose memory is retained in the hearts of the British people as wise men,—men of power,—men fitted to govern mankind? Is it not that of such stars of political light as Thomas More, Lord Bacon, Addison, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and a host of others who will probably as long as England has an existence, retain a grateful hold upon the remembrances of the British nation? Who now are the most popular men in all England? Not her warriors, notwithstanding her love of blood; but her civilians, such men as Cobbett, Henry Vincent, Howitt, and *George Thompson*; the latter of whom, although he has scandalized himself by the severest denunciations of war, has been elected to Parliament by the greatest majority ever known in England?

Who is now renowned in France, her military heroes who fought and died in her behalf; or such men as Talleyrand, Necker and Turgout? To be sure in the case of Napoleon, there seems to be an exception, but he certainly did not prove himself a successful or capable ruler of the French nation.

Behold the slumbering ashes of the renowned men of ancient Greece and Rome; and from the crumbling bones of those departed heroes, gather the rejuvenated



statues of the dead, and whose forms will stand before you? Military heroes in abundance, it is true, will flash their glittering arms before your face; but amid all the glare of their burnished steel, will not the wisdom of a Cicero, the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and the impassioned strains of a Virgil and a Homer, by the splendor of their attainments, as far exceed in glory all the brilliancy of those martial men, as the shining of the noon-day sun does the glimmering light of the waning moon?

Were those famed bards, who exercised so mighty an influence throughout those nations, swaying the mighty passions of the people at pleasure by their inimitable songs, warriors, men of blood? They might have sung of war, and prostituted the noble powers of poetry to the terrible degradation of celebrating the battle-field; but the spirit of poesy did not unfledge its wings amid the noise and clamor of war,—the smoke and dust of the battle-field furnished no place for the heavenly muse to create its world of spiritual life and beauty. The groans and shrieks of the camp, were no fitting sounds to soothe the soul to a contemplation of the magnificent and grand in poetic life. No note of harmony arose from the bacchanalian revels of the warrior, to touch the purest and deepest feelings of man's better nature. Poetry has no life, upon a field of battle, but shuns such a place, as a white-robed angel would flee from the gloomy caverns of hell, if inadvertently found approaching them.

And eloquence; is that to be found upon the field of Mars, where bloody grimaces and terrible contortions of countenance meet the eye of the beholder—where the thunder of cannon, and shrieks of the dying and wounded, greet the ear of the listener? Would a politician venture even a stump speech in such a place? or amid the hurry and bustle of a military life, is the soul of man to be attuned to those heavenly notes of love and truth, which are essential to his success as a persuader of men to right and duty? And the rea-

soning powers; can they be well developed, amid the excitement of the camp? It is unnecessary to answer this question, for every man's experience will teach him the impossibility of the thing. Can knowledge be obtained while following the military profession? Gen. Taylor's own language is a sufficient response to this inquiry. He has "been so occupied with the service of the camp, as to leave him no time to *examine* the controversy between the Whigs and Democrats."

What advantage then is to be derived from his election? It is impossible to conceive of more than one, and that is this, that a few persons will be elevated to office by him; and is this the mess of pottage, for which Northern men will *give away* their birth-right? This the miserable boon, in exchange for which the people of this nation will yield up principle, eloquence, intellect, humanity, and place in the presidential chair a man scarcely known to the mass of the people, until his movements in "giving the Mexicans hell" were noticed? This the paltry substitute for truth, moral courage and consistency? O shame, that men should be found so base and mean, as to dream of such merchandizing of "the bodies and souls of men!"

But we have before shown that consistency requires that even this boon, paltry as it is, should be renounced; for if Gen. Taylor, on account of his military character, is deemed worthy of this office, then of course his comrades in arms are better qualified to fill all offices of honor and trust, than those Northern men who have not taken lessons in statesmanship upon the field of battle.

Has it come to this, that of all the intellectual,—of all the learned,—the talented men of this nation,—no one can be found in the estimation of the Whig party, so well qualified for the office of the presidency, as one who confesses his ignorance upon points which every school boy is supposed to be familiar with? When is Gen. Taylor to learn whether the protective policy of

this government is correct or not? or whether the banking system should be perpetuated, or internal improvements engaged in? It seems that he is to be made president, and then taught by *somebody*, the elementary principles of politics. And who is this *somebody*? Is it Abbott Lawrence, who for the sake of keeping his cotton mills at Lowell in operation, would barter the whole North to the Southern slavocracy—the tyrants who aim at the entire destruction of free labor, and regard it as incompatible with the existence of the “corner stone of our republic?” If so, then behold the secret of Taylor’s nomination! A few cotton lords of the North, have coalesced with the negro lords of the South to crush the laborer, and place all power in her hands. Is this the fearful game that is to be played? Are the free laborers of the North, to be cajoled into the support of a man who is pledged to unite with their oppressors at home, and reduce them to a state as nearly approaching that of the Southern slave as is possible, and the name of freemen be retained? O, freemen of the North, beware of this coalition. Your interests are accounted as nothing in comparison to those of your rulers here in Massachusetts; those men who would foist upon you as president, a Southern slaveholder, a Florida war, and a Mexican butchery man. Beware of those men who talk so largely of Taylor’s opposition to the extension of slavery, and yet fail to produce the proof they say they have of it, in their *pockets*.

Yes, it will be in their pockets, as they know full well, that if Taylor is elected they are to be fully and amply rewarded.

But is it certain that the old General will prove as apt a scholar, as these his tutors seem to believe? If firmness is one trait in his character, will he certainly yield to the indoctrinations of Lawrence, Winthrop & Co.; as after the election they collect all their Whig text books, and undertake the “delightful task of teaching the young idea” of Zack, not how to *shoot*,

for he is supposed to be acquainted with that already, but how to read the *Whig alphabet*. May he not prove as stubborn and perverse as many refractory children, out of the post of honor do? Will he not say, "Gentlemen, you have elected me, knowing my ignorance of your principles, and my determination not to carry them out, and you may dispense with your labor of enlightening me upon these points?" And will he not dismiss his learned teachers, that he may feast upon the remembrance of those glorious victories, which have elevated him to the presidential chair?

It would not be at all strange if the General should fail to find time amid the hurry and bustle of a presidential life, to become acquainted with the difference between the Whigs and Democrats; just as he has for so many long years of his life, in consequence of the turmoil of the camp. But even allowing that he pliantly yields to the teaching of Northern cottonocracy, and adopts their vocabulary of words, until it reaches the name *Wilmot Proviso*, will he then remain in as peaceful an attitude, drinking down the precious truths, which will drop from the lips of his elder brethren in politics? To suppose that he will, would be regarding him as a greater numbskull than any of his opponents believe him to be.

The election of Taylor under such circumstances, is not unlike the application of a clerk for a situation in a counting-room, who in reply to questions concerning his fitness for the employment, should say that he was "not acquainted with the difference between book-keeping by double and single entry, and never had found time to examine the manner of keeping accounts of any kind." Would he be received into the most responsible clerkship the city afforded, and the most intricate accounts at once confided to his care? and yet, this is what the Whigs propose to do with Gen. Taylor; although he declares his ignorance of the great questions agitating the political parties (great to

them, we mean, for the author is not a politician, and *never* expects to be); yet he is to be elected, and then to preside over their settlement! As well might a theological society settle a minister wholly ignorant, upon his own confession, of all the doctrines of theologians, and expect him afterwards to settle several important theological points; or a teacher take charge of a school, while he was totally unacquainted with the difference between geography and arithmetic, never having *had time to examine* those matters! The fact that the Whig party have pursued this course, conclusively proves, that some other object is contemplated by them, than the carrying out of Whig principles! What that object is the sequel of these events will fully show.

But enough time has been spent, upon the strange stultification of the Whig party in nominating Taylor; it is necessary now to examine more particularly the life of this famous warrior.

As has been said, the first knowledge we have of his celebrity, is when he defended a small fort on the Wabash against the Indians; but this alone would surely not entitle him to so high an honor, as it is generally regarded, as to be chosen president of the United States. No, the defence of one fort only would fail to qualify him for this important office. A new chapter of military heroism must be added to those pages of glory, before he could be regarded as hardly approaching the rank of a *great* man. Other laurels than those gained in defending *free* territory must be entwined around his brow, before the queen of Southern slavocracy could gaze upon him with admiration. In the Seminole war, he came nearer reaping those laurels than before, for there he showed several elements of true greatness, in driving from their homes the friendless wanderers from Southern slavery, who had taken refuge in the everglades of Florida, where side by side with serpents, alligators and beasts of prey, they were more secure than when dwelling

under the shadow of the wings of republican and christian institutions! There they could defend themselves at least, and if they died, died free; but Zachary Taylor and his compatriots, at the bidding of the rulers of this nation, marched to the destruction of their places of refuge, and sought by every means within their reach to dislodge these victims of *Southern* cruelty, from their fastnesses in the swamps and glens of Florida.

Hard was the task, and difficult the labor, and hope seemed to have well nigh flown from the breasts of their heathenish pursuers; when inspired by the spirit of darkness, this proposition was made by Zachary Taylor; that aid should be obtained from Cuba, in the shape of blood-hounds, who, trained to the work of scenting an Indian or Negro, would be able to penetrate the swamps where the poor fugitive was existing, rather than to live a slave; and be able either to drag him to be shot by their human allies, or to tear him to pieces upon the spot; leaving his body a mass of mangled flesh, with its entrails protruding, and the blood oozing from it at every pore. To be shot is certainly bad enough, but to be literally *torn* in pieces by dogs, is shockingly awful! How can a being in human shape consign his fellow-men to such a fate! Imagine for a moment, half a dozen of these hell-hounds, with horrid screeches, and unearthly noises, upon the track of a fugitive. He perceives his terrible pursuers; if he mounts a tree, the shot of the marksman will surely bring him to the ground, and escape is out of the question; there remains no other alternative but for him to fight his dreadful enemies. The furious barking of the dogs sounds in his ears like the baying of hell's curs, and a thrill of agony penetrates his soul, as he sees his wife and child who are hidden in the bushes a few feet from him, espied by the savage animals. With one spring at the neck of the mother, by a blood-hound, a fearful stream of blood is caused to gush forth; her cries fix the attention of the husband

and father, and human feelings prevent him from escaping. How can he bear to abandon his loved companion and darling child, to be torn in pieces by the infuriated beasts? He cannot, and accordingly rushes to their rescue, but only to aggravate the rage of the bloody animals; for another arriving at this moment seizes him by the throat, and soon he is beyond the power of resistance. Their [human?] pursuers then reach the spot, and either secure their victims, if not too much injured, or leave them a prey to the vultures and cormorants; a far more merciful fate than awaited them, if returned to the plantations of their infuriated masters.

But no description of this scene can impress upon the reader a true sense of its awful reality. There lie the mangled remains of father, mother and child, while the maddened slave-hunter passes on to the hut of the hospitable friend of the slave. He, more used to grappling with fierce animals, makes a show of resistance; but numbers soon overpower him, bloodhounds tear his body into atoms, and rifle balls pierce him through on all sides. His wigwam is levelled to the ground, all his arrangements of life destroyed by the devouring element, and no place allowed to remain where the panting fugitive can rest his weary limbs in safety. Alligators and fierce serpents may now resume their former habitations, beasts of prey and poisonous reptiles of every description may reoccupy their lost territory; but no home shall henceforth be found for the fleeing slave in those regions. No home for the houseless wanderer from the plantation of his master, but the far-distant North. A grave is opened upon the prospects of the toiling and exhausted slave, into which are cast all his fond hopes and ardent expectations of freedom; and the sods that are heaped upon it but bring to mind the solemn fact, that once there was hope for him, once a relief from his dreadful sufferings, but now none; a grave, deep and silent, has been dug, in which his wife and child, his pro-

tector, and his hopes have been buried ; a dark mantle of gloom and horror enshrouding him, and effectually excluding from his heart the light of liberty, only as a faint ray reaches his soul from the far distant glimmering of the well known *North Star*. O what a gloomy day was that for the Southern slave, when the Florida war was brought to a close, and hope was effectually excluded in that quarter ; and who was the prime mover in this accursed movement ? GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, the candidate of the Whig party, so called, for the presidency of the United States. In a letter to the government dated July 28, 1839, he says, "I beg leave to *urge* this measure," the importation of blood-hounds from Cuba.

And will you vote for this man for the presidency ? If so, then upon you rests the blood of the Seminole Indians, shed for affording a home to the victim of Southern oppression. *You* are to blame for that war ; you take it upon your own shoulders, the terrible burden of which, will press you into the lowest depths of degradation and shame.

Will any individual pretend to affirm in the face of these facts, that Gen. Taylor is in favor of the non-extension of slavery ? *He* in favor of *not* extending that which he labored so hard *to extend* a few years ago ? Has he repented of the part he took in that dreadfully inhuman work ? If so, we surely should have heard of it at the North. But no, the wily slaveholder understands his own interests too well to be opposed to their protection ; but if any additional proof is requisite of his opinions upon that point, we have it in the fact that he is the *pet candidate* of the South.

Will any man at the North pretend for a moment that the South are in favor of the Wilmot Proviso ? Do you not know that it is regarded by them as the death blow to their system of robbery, concubinage and murder ? Do we not all know that heaven would as soon unite with hell, as a man opposed to the extension of slavery, would couple himself with those



pledged to extend the hateful system to America's remotest bounds ; men who, if they could, would annex heaven to their dominions, and ransack all its courts for victims to enslave—who would fell the tallest archangel there enthroned, and with his numerous retinue, drag him into the hell of their detestable slavery, if they possessed the power,—men, reverently be it said, who would not hesitate, as Satan is represented having done, to hurl defiance at the very throne of Jehovah himself, and pluck the sceptre from that Almighty hand who so wisely rules the universe, planting in its place their own bloody and beastly system of negro servitude!

Taylor, the candidate of the South; their admired and adored one, and he opposed to their most darling schemes! As well might James K. Polk, or Cass, be the candidate of the Whig party, or John C. Calhoun that of the North generally! Let the idea but once leak out at the South, that Taylor is opposed to the extension of slavery, and would a single Southern vote be cast for him? Probably not one.

For what reason was he nominated by the South, if not for his attachment to their policy? Not surely as a Whig, for we have seen that he is no Whig; not certainly on account of his Anti-slavery, for the South will never of course nominate an Anti-slavery man.

Why then was he nominated? Let the Southerners themselves answer. It may be premised here, that a large part of the joy actually felt by the South at this nomination will be concealed, lest its magnitude should betray their object, and arouse the North; but nevertheless a few notes of gladness have escaped, enough to point out the deep sea of delight which exists there in consequence of it. Says the Aberdeen (Alabama) Whig, in speaking of the crisis it thinks is being forced upon the country, by the Wilmot Proviso men, and the need of a president "who loves the South and her cherished institutions" — "*Such a man is General Zachary Taylor. He lives in the South,*

*and makes 1200 bales of cotton on the banks of the Mississippi. His interests, his feelings are all with us."*

It is well that Mr. Abbott Lawrence retains the non-extension letter, within the ample folds of his capacious pocket; and if he dreams of success in electing Gen. Zachary, he had better not be as liberal in opening his pocket for the enlightenment of the heathen Southerners, as he is in drawing from it such munificent gifts for the purpose of converting the Asiatic heathen. Please not be so benevolent as to give away that letter; or Zachary's prospects will fade away, as the departing day from the dominion of sombre night. But has Mr. Lawrence such a letter? If so, then the ideas advanced respecting his being the tutor of Gen. Zachary, upon the event of his election, would seem to be sustained; and a grand coalition proved, between the Southern slaveholders and the Northern pro-slavery men.

But to pass on. It is presumed that no one will deny that Gen. Taylor is the owner of *two hundred human beings*, held by him in the galling chains of slavery. To men engaged in the same hellish business, this of course would be no disqualification; but that Northern men,—men who have made the welkin ring with their shouts in opposition to slavery,—who have denounced in the severest terms the dominion of the slave power of the South, and cried out lustily against the further extension of the accursed system; that men of such pretensions should aid in elevating to the presidential chair one who deals so extensively in the flesh and blood, the bones and sinews of others; who lives upon the robbery of two hundred of his fellow men, is strange indeed. O horrid inconsistency, to hurl anathemas against the slave system, and then vote to place a slaveholder in the presidential chair.

But what is slavery, that institution which Northern men are called upon to sanction by casting their votes for Zachary Taylor?

The author has been a resident of the slave States, and therefore is not wholly unqualified to speak of its effects upon the people. It is not upon the slave alone, that the impress of this hellish institution is visible; for slavery is as a two-edged sword, turning every way, like that flaming one, which guarded the tree of life, and cutting alike into the bodies and souls of its manacled victims, and the nobleness, honesty, prosperity and morality of its misguided supporters. As a two-edged sword, was it said? Rather as a seven-headed monster, like the Hydra of old, which Hercules undertook to destroy, it baffling ordinary mortals, by its prolific power, for no sooner was one head destroyed than others appeared in its place. So with slavery; it has so far resisted all the efforts of its strongest opponents, and seems to wait for some moral giant to grapple with it, who, with Herculean vigor, shall crush it beneath his feet. This monster has dugged a pit for its upholders and sustainers, not excepting the free North, not unlike that which Milton describes as the abode of Chaos and old Night, which Satan found so much difficulty in traversing, as he escaped from hell, on his voyage of discovery in relation to the new world, where Adam lived.

“ Where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise  
Of endless wars and by confusion stand :

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*  
Rumor next and chance,  
And tumult and confusion, all imbroiled  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

Without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth and height,  
And time and place are lost.”

It is into this pit of “confusion worse confounded,” that slavery has plunged its miserable sustainers. Behold for a moment the condition of the South. Blessed by nature with a sunny climate, fertile soil, and incomparable natural advantages; mighty rivers flow-

ing through her territory, affording every opportunity for manufacturing and other purposes; a soil, some parts of which are the most fertile the world can produce, it is said, where a slight cultivation insures a most plentiful crop, and every circumstance seems to conspire to make her a great and prosperous people; yet see her, lazy, negligent, improvident, imbecile, and immoral, while all around, as far as the eye can reach, the fertile earth invites to industry and the cultivation of its soil, from which millions of now landless men could reap an abundant harvest, and be delivered from the horrors of a condition not to be envied, although superior to that of the slave. But in the place of the wilderness being made "to bud and blossom as the rose," under the talismanic touch of free labor; behold the land in immense quantities lying idle, unimproved, except as a pasture for the fugitive to graze momentarily in, upon the wild herbage which he may there meet with, as he wanders through these unoccupied tracts, on his dangerous journey towards the star of freedom! Witness the dilapidated dwellings of the land owner; see his implements of labor, his tools for the cultivation of the ground, his manner of securing his harvest, and his own comforts during the inclemency of winter! Look upon the roads, the bridges, the public buildings, the private dwellings, and compare them with the same at the North! Regard the appearance of that town, the seat of government of a county as large as one of ours, and almost the only town in the county! Witness its crooked and uneven streets, in some places scarcely passable by a carriage; deep gutters open and exposed, in the very centre of the village, and only a few rods from the Court House, into which almost all the houses in the place might be thrown. Look at the houses; the most central ones with as many panes of glass removed from the windows as there are remaining, while broken boards, broken chimneys and falling walls, are plentifully exhibited, and immense banks of earth left exposed to

the public view ; scarcely any appearance of neatness, or marks of taste being visible throughout the town. The public houses, low barn-like buildings, sometimes not as comfortable as many a farmer's barn in New England ; and the churches oftentimes not much superior to them.

The people uneducated, sometimes destitute of every thing in the shape of a book, or newspaper, excepting the Bible ; and in but few instances at all conversant with the events occurring in the world ; alike barren of thought and of knowledge, multitudes not able to read a syllable, or to write their own names ; and this oftentimes the case with the first people in the place, sometimes the lady of the richest merchant in the village, as the author knows to be the fact ; school teachers asserting that the *sun moved around the earth*, and failing to be convinced of the contrary, by any reasons the author could adduce, as was the case at one time ; in short the people as a mass totally uneducated, in the New England acceptation of that term ; but very few even of those considered educated, understanding any thing more than simply to read, write, and spell, and that but poorly. O, the mental degradation hovering over the entire South, with but few and slight exceptions, and those the large cities and towns where Northerners have carried the arts and sciences, the refinements and courtesies of civilized life ; or at least other nations have mixed with inhabitants of the more populous districts, and learning and refinement are not wholly swept away. Of course these remarks do not apply to such places as Baltimore, Louisville, Lexington, New Orleans, and others for the reason stated ; but only to the inland towns and villages, the large extent of territory almost wholly excluded from foreign influences ; where slavery is left to grow in all its horrors, unchecked by even the slight breath of purity, which the inhabitants of Northern cities may carry with them as they visit those places.

What means have the mass of the people to gain

information, when an intellectual cordon is drawn around the whole South, interdicting the presence of publications with the slightest tendency to anti-slavery? Even Sunday school books must be expunged from this dreaded heresy; as well as the efforts of our noblest poets shorn of their due proportions, and divested of their noblest ideas, before they can be admitted into Southern markets. And newspapers, those prolific means of enlightening the masses, more instrumental in diffusing knowledge than the press and pulpit combined, separate from them; are, it is well known, not allowed to find an entrance into the heart of the South, if suspected of being tinctured with anti-slavery, or at least were not until recently; for it is believed that a change is now taking place respecting these things.

It is not many years since Amos Dresser, a student of theology, was lynched in the city of Nashville, Tenn., while selling *Bibles*, for no other reason than because he was observed to have an anti-slavery newspaper wrapped around one of his Bibles, to preserve it unsoiled! And the schools and colleges of the South, what are they? Many of their institutions dignified with the name of colleges, teach merely the rudiments of a common English education, and some not even that; while the common schools themselves are often taught by the most illiterate and uneducated persons imaginable, persons incapable of thought and severe reflection.

And where are the great men of the South educated? Is there an individual of any note south of Mason and Dixon's line who has not been trained in a Northern college? And the schools of highest repute at the South, are they not conducted by Northern teachers? Are not the large majority of governesses and private teachers, Northern ladies and gentlemen, persons educated away from the influence of slavery?

The mechanic arts also, which have reached any degree of perfection at the South, are carried on by

Yankees. It is customary when any new trade is to be established, or novel operation ventured upon, for Northern men to be applied to, to take charge of the business. Indeed what little of skill and intelligence there is, would be vastly diminished if it were not for the great number of Yankees who are continually venturing there, impelled by the love of money, mostly,—some few by a desire to do good.

And the *morals* of the South, what shall be said of them? Purity would seem to recoil at the sight of the vast sink of pollution which the South presents; and would doubtless prefer leaving it untouched and unexposed; but truth requires that the worst if possible, should be known, in order that the people may be aware of what they are doing, when they assist in placing in the presidential chair one who *upholds in his daily practice, these horrid enormities*.

Two points only of immorality will be touched upon at this time; at some future period the author hopes to be able to present a more extended view of the widely spread corruption of the South. These two particular crimes, are the *prevalence of the law of force, and licentiousness*.

Murder stalks abroad throughout the whole South, almost unnoticed and unrebuked. Indeed it would not be beyond the truth to say, that three-fourths of all the bloody affrays and horrid murders chronicled in the newspapers, take place there, notwithstanding the population is so much less than that of the North.

There murder runs riot, feasting upon the bodies of its victims, as the jackal preys upon the carcases of the slain upon the field of battle; for as in regard to the hosts who lie weltering in their gore upon the battle-field; so with those destroyed by the demon murder at the South—their name is *Legion*. Innumerable are the murders which reach the ears of the people of the North; but probably still more numerous is the number of those, all knowledge of which perishes within the precincts of the county or State where they

are committed. One anecdote may be here properly related, to show the esteem which human life is held in, even by respectable people there. The author, while travelling in the northern part of Kentucky, had occasion to pass several times through a turnpike gate, and at one time had some difficulty with the keeper in relation to the toll. He, after cursing and damning him a good deal, proceeded to beat his horse, and inflicted two or three rather severe blows upon the rider with a good sized stick ; but the traveller passed on, and on arriving at a neighboring town, mentioned the circumstance to a friend of his, a merchant of the place, a very *pious* man, and the superintendent of a Sunday school. "Why," said he, "I should have killed him instantly. I would stand such treatment from no one." And this is the common feeling prevalent throughout the South.

Kill the man who assaults you or injures you, if you can ! No other evidence of the truth of this assertion is needed than the fact that any man's life is in danger, who attempts to teach, or preach anti-slavery. Freedom of speech is of course unknown, as much so as under the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey.

The author was at one time told, by a very religious man, a zealous member of the Methodist Church, that he would "cut his throat, if he ever spoke again to one of his slaves," even upon the subject of religion ! Will it then be denied, that there Murder sits upon his terrific throne, reigning with undisputed power over the mass of the inhabitants of that region ? Is it any longer doubted, that human life is esteemed but a trifle, which the least provocation justifies the taking of ? If so, one more fact may shed light upon the subject. The author at one time was conversing with a lawyer in the town of Gainsboro', Tenn., who had been relating several hair-breadth escapes, which he had experienced, where his life was aimed at by his opponent, and *vice versa*, for some *very trifling* cause. Upon his expressing his astonishment, the lawyer re-



marked, "Why does that surprise you? it is only a tenth part of what I have passed through; and there is hardly a man in this town, but who has met with more and worse encounters than I have." He was quite a young man, too. At another time, he remarked respecting an individual, who had injured him, "I would kill that man if I could see him;" and he was considered a very respectable gentleman.

But the murders committed at the South, are few in comparison to the innumerable broils and encounters, assaults and batteries, which continually occur and are perpetrated throughout the entire length and breadth of that unfortunate territory. Let what has been said suffice respecting the dominion of the law of force, while we turn to a still more degraded picture of the condition of that ill-fated country.

Sodom in her palmyest days of corruption, could hardly equal the unblushing *licentiousness* of the South. No other than a slave country presents equal facilities for the practice of this crime. Slavery nourishes licentiousness in its breast, as earth the seed committed to its charge; and the fertile soil of the luxuriant South, yields a no more abundant harvest of fruits and grain, for the good of man, than her mistress Slavery does, of pollution and crime. Do you ask, "why this is so? And do not human passions rage, and bear omnipotent sway on every part of this green earth?" The answer is plain. Slavery affords greater facilities for the indulgence of the animal passions, than can be presented in a country where free labor reigns. The slave is unprotected; lust is no crime, even in the eyes of the most respectable. Said an intelligent farmer of the South to the author, "in B——," (a town a few miles distant, and the country seat of one of the southern counties of Kentucky,) "no one is regarded as a gentleman, who does not practice crimes of this sort." In the same town, the keeper of a hotel was accustomed to fit up an extra building with beds and other conveniences, for the accommodation of

his guests during the *session of the Court, where slave girls were placed at the disposal of those who were willing to pay for this extra privilege!* This, the author was informed of by a friend, who is now under the same roof with him, and was well acquainted with the facts in the case; not a slave, but a white inhabitant of that neighborhood.

That law of God, and of nature, which limits the indulgence of the organ of amateness in its lowest form, to those who are *united in heart and soul*, and forbids promiscuous intercourse between the sexes, or any intercourse not based upon *intellectual or moral love*, is practically annulled; is boldly trodden under foot wherever slavery exists, even in its mildest form. It is not long since a religious body in Georgia, publicly resolved, that it was lawful for a slave to marry again, after his wife was torn from him, and sold to a distance! Think of it! Marriage declared to be a mere matter of convenience to the master; nothing in which the slave is supposed to be at all interested.

The wife which God has given him, and to whom he may be lawfully united, although no slaveholding priest has muttered his incantations in his ear, may be snatched from him at the will of his pretended owner, and sold from his sight forever. O, if there is one crime deep and damning in its influence, more than that of murder, it is this. Think of it, ye lovers, whose hearts are bound up in those of your mistresses; ye fond and loving daughters of Eve, whose tender affections have entwined themselves closely around the heart of a fond lover, as the grape-vine around the tree or arbor to which it is attached; and who can no more be torn from the object of your fond embraces without pain, than the clustering vines can be untwined from their supporter, without injury! Think of it, ye fond twain, who for long years have shared earth's joys and sorrows in company; and amid all your afflictions have been solaced and more than comforted, by your affection for each other. O, think of the

slave husband and the slave wife being forced asunder, and the remaining one told, that God decrees that he or she shall marry again ! What incentive is there to the slave, to form that holiest and purest of unions, that state nearer allied to heaven than any other which earth offers, when at a moment's warning a separation more cruel than death, is liable to take place ? If any circumstance would justify the use of force, it would be that agonizing moment, when the infernal slave-owner advances to perpetrate the hellish deed of putting asunder, those whom God has joined together ; and yet, fellow-citizens, if you vote for General Zachary Taylor, you are assisting that stealer of other men's wives, that bold adulterer, in accomplishing his horrid purposes. See General Taylor advancing the cash for a woman torn from her lawful husband ; and behold the word *adulterer* written in fiery letters upon his brow ; for if a man is dishonest, who induces another to steal, is not a man an adulterer, who takes another man's wife from him, and forces her to live in concubinage with some other man ? Now witness the scene which takes place at the South, upon the *marriage de convenance*, for it is blasphemy to give to such an union, the holy name of matrimony.

Says Henry Watson, who spent twenty-six years in slavery, and was assisted in obtaining his freedom by a gentleman living in this city : “ Whenever a vacancy occurred in any of the cabins of either sex, of marriageable age, it was immediately filled up, by my master purchasing another slave, either man or woman, as the case might be, and presenting them to the remaining inmates of the cabin, with the following words : ‘ Kitty, stand out in the floor. I have bought this boy to-day for your husband, and I shall expect you to take good care of him, by washing and mending his clothes. You know my orders to the overseer ; if either of you go to the field on Monday morning without your clothes being washed, you are to be whipped. You will also take care of his provisions, which will be

weighed out with yours. Have them cooked and ready in his bucket, in time for him to go to the field every morning. You understand what I have said to you.' Then he will give the man the following charge: 'Tom, you will take care of this girl for your wife, by bringing her wood, making her fire, and bringing her water. Should your wife or self want anything, you can get it by working on Sunday, for which I will allow you fifty cents a day *out of the store*.' After a bow and courtesy on their part, he would then pronounce them man and wife, and promise them a flogging if they failed to perform the specified duties."

Thus is the holy ordinance of marriage perverted to the support of the pecuniary interests of the master. An individual residing in Hartford, Conn., once informed the author, that he had formerly been an overseer in Virginia, and that no such thing as marriage scarcely ever took place upon their plantation; and that well formed and robust negroes, (the reader's pardon is asked for this statement,) from other plantations were enticed to the houses of the slaves, that they might perform matrimonial rites with the women, and thereby *improve the stock*; just as celebrated horses are selected to improve the breed of that animal.

This is what you are sustaining, friend, if you vote for *Taylor, Cass*, or any other slaveholding or proslavery candidate for the presidency or congress. Lust, rapine, and the lowest grade of licentiousness. But the picture, shocking as it is, is not finished. Of course a system, the legitimate fruits of which are so hurtful to the morality of the slaves, cannot fail to react terribly upon its upholders. As was stated previously, the young men of the South are swallowed up in this ocean of lust. Every inducement is offered to them, aside from those existing elsewhere. If they are slaveholders' sons, it will increase their future wealth, for every child born on a slave plantation is so much money put into the pockets of the owners; and it is well known that the more northern slave States

derive their wealth principally from raising slaves for the market, as farmers here by raising cattle. Then a mulatto slave is worth more than a jet black one, particularly if a female, in which case they often are sold for thousands of dollars. It is well known, that it is punishable with death, for a slave to resist her master in this, as well as in all other cases. The *law* says, the slave is its master's "*to all intents and purposes whatsoever.*" Think of this, ye voters for slaveholders, and pro-slavery men, and all ye throughout this whole land, who assist in sustaining this accursed system of pollution and crime! Ye are the robbers of female virtue, the destroyers of the purity of women. Ye force hundreds of thousands of your sisters of the human family, to live in a worse state of prostitution than any house of ill-fame in Boston or New York affords; for poor as that privilege may be, yet in such places, probably the victim of crime is never forced to commit this act, except by poverty. She is allowed her choice to some degree at least; while at the South no freedom is granted to the poor creature; she must submit, and that too while her husband is within a stone's throw of her, without the least resistance. Another incentive to licentiousness is, that while here it is somewhat expensive, there it is *free*; no price is to be paid for this guilty indulgence. Imagine the state of things here, if every house of ill-fame were to be thrown open to all who wished admittance, free of all expense. Would not licentiousness increase?

Again, a man's character suffers more or less here, if he frequents such an establishment, while there he is more highly esteemed, as has been shown. Then, again, the inducements held out to the slave to submit; poverty on the one hand, more dreadful than what they are then enduring, while in the case of very beautiful slaves, freedom from rigorous labor is granted, upon the condition of voluntary submission to the master. This motive is no doubt often held out at the North by employers, to those in their service; that if

they will favor their desires, they need not work as long, or as hard, and they shall be better paid ; and doubtless operates to seduce many a female from the path of virtue. If so here, how much more so at the South, where not only poverty, but *chains* and *cruel lashings* will follow the virtue of the female slave. But this picture is too horrid to dwell upon. The reader's pardon is again asked for thus particularly mentioning it. How else can you be made to feel the horrid nature of the slave's degradation, and what you are doing by voting for a slaveholder ? One more fact, however, will be mentioned in corroboration of the foregoing. Harriet Martineau, who spent some time in different slaveholding families at the South, in her "Society in America," dwells much upon this awful feature in slavery ; and if it was proper for her to do so, it certainly is for the author. She says that "the slaveholder's wife, is only *chief mistress of her husband's harem*, and that she is fully aware of it herself."

One more topic only remains to be illustrated before this treatise upon General Taylor's guilt will be closed ; and that is, his conduct in reference to the Mexican war.

But previously to doing this, it will be necessary to present a faint description of that most atrocious of all wars. War, in its best estate, is fiendish enough ; but when its object is to perpetuate a system of constant warring upon the rights of the defenceless, it becomes Satanic. Nothing in the records of ancient or modern history can be at all compared with this fierce contest, in wickedness and downright knavery. Other wars have been waged for conquest, it is true ; but none that history points her finger to, where the object was the destruction of one nation, for the reason that she was more righteous than her conquerer ; and would not unite with her in robbing innocent men and women of their just rights. It has not been a *war* indeed, but a rapacious inroad of plunder and carnage upon a comparatively defenceless people ; a people in no wise

disposed for war, as General Taylor and his accompanying officers shall testify. A peaceful nation, engaged in their common occupations, until this marauding band of robbers issues forth to burn and devour their possessions. An officer in Taylor's army, in a letter dated "Camp opposite Matamoras, April 19, 1846," says: "Our situation here is an extraordinary one. Right *in the enemy's country*, actually occupying their corn and cotton fields, the people of the soil leaving their homes, and we displaying the star spangled banner, as if in defiance, under their very nose; and they, with an army twice our size at least, sit quietly down and make *not the least resistance*." Taylor himself in several letters in the summer and fall of 1845, says, that "Mexico has committed no overt act of hostilities," "no extraordinary preparations are going forward," "there are no regular troops on the Rio Grande, and no preparations for a demonstration on this bank of the river."

All was peaceable on the part of the Mexicans, until Taylor, at the command of Mr. Polk, much against his conscience it is said, planted his batteries in front of Matamoras, "within good range," as he says in his letter to the adjutant general, "for demolishing the town." Here Taylor acknowledges that he took the first offensive step; and yet his friends endeavor to protect him from blame, by asserting that he must do as he was required. Has it come to this, that the man nominated for the office of president of a professedly *free* and *independent* people, is so much of a *slave*, and so completely *dependent* upon others, as to be reduced to the necessity of violating his conscience in obedience to their dictation? What an infamous doctrine this! Why, it unsettles at once the whole foundation of moral responsibility, and protects any man in guilt, who can take shelter for his crimes under the miserable pretence of having been *ordered* to commit them! Then a pirate, who assists in boarding a vessel is not to blame, for he was commanded to do

so! Instead of General Taylor's being absolved from guilt, on account of his belief of the wrongfulness of the act, his criminality was increased thereby a thousand fold; and he appears in the light of a miserable poltroon, possessing no soul of his own, no independence of character; but is a mere machine to be moved at the option of another. If this clears him from *guilt*, it does so at the expense of all manly independence, and by destroying his claims to that nobleness and resolution which he is *said* to possess. It makes him an imbecile wretch; a mere cat's paw in the hands of President Polk; and a fit tool, indeed, for our Northern lords to use for the accomplishment of their purposes; but not by any means a proper man to fill the office of President of the United States, unless a *fool* is wanted for that office. If Taylor acted only as he was impelled forward by others, then he was a *fool*; if from his own inclination, then a *knave*; his friends may take which horn of the dilemma they choose. We believe he was somewhat of *both*. But is it to be supposed, that Taylor was in reality opposed to that war? Why should he have been, with his education and interests, all inclining him the other way? And could he have been so, and yet have engaged in the bloody scenes of Monterey, Buena Vista, and Palo Alto? Then a highway robber can be opposed to robbery; the midnight assassin to murder; and the house-thief to burglary! Then the sinner of every variety of kind, can plead his own opposition to the crime he commits. This is one of the most dangerous doctrines which can be broached, that a man can be really opposed to what he is working like a hero in endeavoring to do. Certainly if Taylor hated the work he was engaged in, why need he have added "*hell*" to the other things he was obliged to "give" the Mexicans? Less enthusiasm on his part, would seem more appropriate in such a case. It seems that the General disliked the employment, but nevertheless engaged in it as a *self-denying* martyr to the cause of



his country ! Probably he had not so entirely lost all feelings of compunction, as to visit the Mexicans with such scenes as the following, without being somewhat opposed to the bloody work. It is very certain the devil would not have been able to. An officer of the army, in a letter dated "Matamoras, May 23d," says, "Bodies of Mexican soldiers were lying about in every direction; some with their heads *entirely* or *partly* shot off; others without legs or arms; others with their entrails torn out. At one spot I discovered the body of a *beautiful Mexican girl stabbed through the heart.*"

Such scenes the General engaged in with a gusto, which shows that his opposition to the war was a dead theory in his heart, and a lie in his right hand; for if he hated the war he would sooner have cut off his own head than those of so many of the Mexicans, if he was *obliged* to do one or the other. He had not the magnanimity to do the former; he *chose* to do the latter ! And this is the man, fellow-citizens, you are called upon to vote for as president !! The author is not a politician, never having cast a vote in his life, and never expecting to do so; for he is one of those peace men who believe that it is wrong to sustain a government founded on the life-taking principle, as that of the United States is; but if he was in the habit of voting, he would cut off his right arm, destroy his eyes, or thrust a dagger through his heart, rather than be guilty of such an enormous crime as that of voting for General Taylor. A man that, after reading what has been written in this work, will march to the polls and deposit a ballot for Taylor, is sunk so low in degradation, as to be unworthy the name of a man. Look at the following account of the scenes enacted at Monterey. A correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says, "that the General of the victorious division, apparently for the sake of *popularity*, neglected to restrain the passions of the volunteers. As at Matamoras, *Murder, Robbery, and Rape*, were committed

in the broad light of day, and more than one hundred of the inhabitants were murdered in cold blood."

Pages might be filled with similar and worse accounts of these horrid transactions, but the soul sickens at the contemplation of them, and recoils from a farther perusal of barbarities, which *Goths* and *Vandals* alone would fail to be ashamed of.

Fellow citizens of the United States, the author is a young man, and a non-voter; but inexperienced as he is, disfranchised as he has voluntarily become, remaining at a distance from your political struggles, from a sense of duty, he cannot remain silent, when he perceives such a terrible act, as it appears to him, about to be committed, as that of placing in the highest office in the gift of the nation, such a man as *General Zachary Taylor*. My blood boils within me as I think of it; and this little work is issued with the hope of persuading some, at least, of my countrymen, not to vote for Taylor, who otherwise would do that wicked deed. Politically it matters not to me who is elected; for I am not even a Liberty party man, a "conscience Whig," or a politician of any kind; but as a friend of my country, and of eternal truth, I cannot look patiently on such a spectacle as the election of a man to the presidency, who is the very essence of the Mexican war, a thorough going slaveholder, and possesses no qualifications for that office, excepting those of a military hero, such as a tiger, wolf, or a savage might possess. I have thrown before you, in a desultory manner, my thoughts upon the subject; for time would not permit me to arrange them more regularly; it is for you to say, whether you will heed them or not; but remember, that the day of retribution is not so deeply hidden in the dim vista of futurity, as not to cast some shadow forward, and warn you of the danger of your course. Jefferson has said, "I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just." I can truly say, that I rejoice, that not by force and violence on his part, but by the sure and certain advance

of enlightened reason and sympathising humanity, which he is arousing in the minds of men ; he will cause this nation to hide her head in the dust, and bury herself from the reproaches of an enlightened world, beneath her own iniquities ; unless she speedily repents of her mountains of guilt, and washes away her stupendous crimes, by now planting her foot where she can stand until she has gained strength for a greater contest with the giant sorceress which rules her ; upon the *Wilmot Proviso*, and the *non-extension of slavery*.

## P O S T S C R I P T .

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SINCE this work was placed in the hands of the printer, a letter vouching for our hero's *piety*, has made its appearance ; which seems to demand a moment's notice. Piety is a quality so variously defined, that no amount of it in General Taylor's possession, can shield him from the piercings of the spear of *truth*, or guard him from the penetrating influence of that "sword of the spirit," which dividing even to the "joints and marrow," causes such a ghastly wound to be opened in the heart of his piety ; exhibiting a sepulchre "full of dead men's bones, (literally,) and all manner of uncleanness."

No amount of "church going," "Sabbath keeping," "giving of tythes," "or religious fasting," can screen from the eye of Omnipotence, that horridly revolting character, which the foregoing pages have faintly delineated ; and all attempts to whiten such a sepulchre of rottenness, result, not in making the General "fair and beautiful to look upon ;" but in besprinkling the raiment of the whitewasher with the liquid used, the lime of which shall eat out whatever respectability has heretofore been attached to his character.

An attempt to unite religious observances with the reputation of such a man as Zachary Taylor, must result more in their overthrow, than in establishing the piety of a man-thief and wholesale murderer.